

Esquire

APRIL 1967
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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



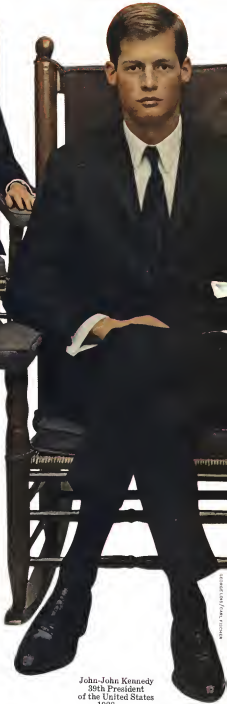
John Fitzgerald Kennedy
35th President
of the United States
1960-1963



Robert Francis Kennedy
37th President
of the United States
1972-1980



Edward (Ted) Kennedy
38th President
of the United States
1980-1988



John-John Kennedy
39th President
of the United States
1988-

ADVANCED

**The
Holy
Kennedys
by Gore Vidal**

see page 99

For over five generations...

Miller High Life

has more than satisfied man's thirst for a hearty, robust beer!



Sparkling... Flavorful... Distinctive!

The Champagne of Bottled Beer



Your golf ball: could it make the difference?

Quite possibly. We don't guarantee that Titleists will clear every water hazard, but we do guarantee you'll never dump a shot like the one because your ball is a dud! We do guarantee that no other ball is in the same league with Titleist when it comes to consistency, consistent length, feel and accuracy.

This is why it's a two to one favorite among touring professionals and top amateurs — and has been for 17 years.

There are three different Titleists. Pick the one that's best for your style of play. And then play it confidently, in the knowledge that every one will perform in exactly the same way.



The Regular Titleist Soft, powerful with maximum distance potential, an excellent consistency and predictable feel.

The "Soft" Titleist Designed for players who like to feel the ball when it's hit. Also, it's a great ball for the short game.

The Titleist 9500 Quite uniquely designed for those who like to feel the ball when it's hit. Also, it's a great ball for the short game.



ACUSHNET

Ball • Putter • Club • Head • Cover • Bag • Tee • Glove • Hat • Socks • Shoes • Shorts • Pants • Jacket • Hat • Socks • Shoes • Shorts • Pants • Jacket

4. *continued from p. 10*



If you want stereo that will bring you
a lifetime of listening pleasure...
why not get the best

When you buy console stereo, doesn't the one you'll
always be proud of. Because of the way it looks...
because of the way it looks.

And that's Zenith Stereo.

Zenith Stereo brings you brilliant, award-winning
reproduction. Lines are rich and elegant. Highers are
bright, and clear. You'll think it's the complete range of
dynamic stereo tones.

And Zenith Stereo looks as good as it sounds. Every
Zenith cabinet is an effortlessly styled, period piece,
crafted from select veneers and handcrafted solids. You'll
find a wide range of prices at fine furniture stores to
complement the beauty of your home.

Zenith Stereo brings the world's most
advanced stereo components. FM
AM Stereo FM Radio. Double Stereo
Performance Stereo Changer with the
exclusive Micro-Tape™ 20 Tape Auto
And a completely unique listening
2000 series of loud speakers in right
perfectly balanced speakers featuring
two pieces of audio tweeters and a pair
of superpower drivers in a completely
unique and totally original design. Pre-
sented here the Zenith Stereo
cabinet, Master Model™. Consider
the Zenith Stereo American style,
Master Model™.

ZENITH
The quality goes in before the name goes on

Compliments of a friend.

Have you always wondered what that first instant
in a yearbook or program?

We did.

We figured it out.

What someone gave you a bottle of very good
Scotch, he's your friend.

If it's 12-year-old Chivas Regal, he's saying that
you have a connoisseur's taste in whiskey, and that's
a compliment.

So, compliments of a friend is a bottle of Chivas
Regal.

Consider this a public service announcement.



Backed work. That's their company's motto to double check any possible production deficiency. A broad sort of check no more is standard for all Jaguar vehicles. You don't get that kind of testing from other car makers. The men of Jaguar have made that reputation on an

idea a while New York's Museum of Modern Art says about the Jaguar XK-E:

"It offers a standard of performance and finish found only in cars customarily costing twice as much money."

But a Jaguar down road is everybody else's reputation. For here it is the unique XK engine, for example, is the prototype of most of today's Grand Prix engines. But we have borrowed its superb performance to give you a car for everyday driving. We give

it a remarkable price. In short, a truly great car at a remarkable cost.

A different kind of car

There's no other car in the world that looks quite like an XK-E. The reason it looks different is because it built differently. Its streamlined body frame construction gives the whole car extra strength and it has some fine business performance by reducing weight.

Still another Jaguar point of difference will be found under the hood. In the 4352 cc XK engine, it's an all-new, twin overhead camshaft, hemispherical cylinder head. Six downstroke 303 BHP at 5600 rpm and starting point at 240 lbs. of torque at 4500 rpm. It then has ripously sized and not found anywhere in the Le Mans 24 hour race and at other formidable tracks.

Take it out and use it.

The best time for a Jaguar is to take it out and run it. Only then will you get the feeling of what driving a high performance car is all about.

"It will be a combination of ride, handling and safety that will be the greatest for the rest of the world." —Rene E. Truck

The XK-E comes with either a fully synchromesh four speed manual gearbox, or, for the XK-E 2+2 that's coming the new Model 8 complete with complete-enclosed four wheel drive. One reason why this is a sports car your wife will love, too.

And now a family sports car

Our new 2+2 model of the great XK-E replaces the old notion that a sports car is a cramped, sportsman's plaything. We made the 2+2 with the family in mind. They'll believe it now when they discover more legroom and headroom in the four seats riding safely through wider doors, upholstered rear seats for the children and substantially larger luggage space. Of course the 2+2 retains the spirit of a sports car. Its automatic transmission can get better drives off the line quicker than manual shift. (Safety Clark types accepted.)

All XK-E models have time, command leather bucket seats at drop seat, adjustable steering wheel, vinyl coated and positive-trap leather interior in the cockpit may light and safety warning light for low brake fluid and low gas.

Thoughtful features done to the best of your wife.

A word about safety

We pondered how we Jaguar could be so sure in performance it is a car with the necessary for safety. We have had dual locking systems since 1934. We've refined and refined and refined and unexcelled driving safety to all models are the crown of safety standards. Jaguar has built a great car at a double in size power and cost, but safety has been our absolute companion all the way.

The Jaguar XK-E has four-wheel disc brakes that just don't fade. Of the world's great car makers, Jaguar alone pioneered this safe, modern brake system and a four wheel disc equipped on all models since 1966. Four wheel independent suspension is provided for a smoother ride and superior road holding. Positive shock-absorbing steering arms, complete control in any situation.

Jaguar Cars for 1967 Jaguar completes' starting below \$45000—cover sports models and luxury sedans over a wide range of styles and equipment, including some of the following:

XK-E roadster	25304
XK-E Coupe	5500
XK-E 2+2 coupe	5870
XK-E 2+2 coupe (automatic)	6120
340 Sedan	4490
340 Sedan (automatic)	4723
430 Sports Sedan (overdrive)	5795
430 Sports Sedan (automatic)	5933
430 G Sedan (automatic)	6990

*Suggested U. S. retail prices at P. O. E.

See and drive the Jaguar XK-E of your own choice. As our owners and new people say: "Keep America Beautiful... keep Jaguar in America."

All Jaguars available for overseas delivery. There are Jaguar dealers close to you.

Jaguar: a different kind of car.

These 36 men are part of the process that at even half the cost of other well known Grand Touring automobiles, the Jaguar XK-E can work themselves out, through engineering, styling. Each Jaguar is road tested independently by two final inspection teams of the Coventry.



The Jaguar XK-E is one of the world's great automobiles at half the great automobile price.

1990 1991 1992 1993 1994 1995 1996 1997 1998 1999 2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2006 2007 2008 2009 2010 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019 2020 2021 2022 2023 2024 2025 2026 2027 2028 2029 2030 2031 2032 2033 2034 2035 2036 2037 2038 2039 2040 2041 2042 2043 2044 2045 2046 2047 2048 2049 2050 2051 2052 2053 2054 2055 2056 2057 2058 2059 2060 2061 2062 2063 2064 2065 2066 2067 2068 2069 2070 2071 2072 2073 2074 2075 2076 2077 2078 2079 2080 2081 2082 2083 2084 2085 2086 2087 2088 2089 2090 2091 2092 2093 2094 2095 2096 2097 2098 2099 2100 2101 2102 2103 2104 2105 2106 2107 2108 2109 2110 2111 2112 2113 2114 2115 2116 2117 2118 2119 2120 2121 2122 2123 2124 2125 2126 2127 2128 2129 2130 2131 2132 2133 2134 2135 2136 2137 2138 2139 2140 2141 2142 2143 2144 2145 2146 2147 2148 2149 2150 2151 2152 2153 2154 2155 2156 2157 2158 2159 2160 2161 2162 2163 2164 2165 2166 2167 2168 2169 2170 2171 2172 2173 2174 2175 2176 2177 2178 2179 2180 2181 2182 2183 2184 2185 2186 2187 2188 2189 2190 2191 2192 2193 2194 2195 2196 2197 2198 2199 2200 2201 2202 2203 2204 2205 2206 2207 2208 2209 2210 2211 2212 2213 2214 2215 2216 2217 2218 2219 2220 2221 2222 2223 2224 2225 2226 2227 2228 2229 2230 2231 2232 2233 2234 2235 2236 2237 2238 2239 2240 2241 2242 2243 2244 2245 2246 2247 2248 2249 2250 2251 2252 2253 2254 2255 2256 2257 2258 2259 2260 2261 2262 2263 2264 2265 2266 2267 2268 2269 2270 2271 2272 2273 2274 2275 2276 2277 2278 2279 2280 2281 2282 2283 2284 2285 2286 2287 2288 2289 2290 2291 2292 2293 2294 2295 2296 2297 2298 2299 2300 2301 2302 2303 2304 2305 2306 2307 2308 2309 2310 2311 2312 2313 2314 2315 2316 2317 2318 2319 2320 2321 2322 2323 2324 2325 2326 2327 2328 2329 2330 2331 2332 2333 2334 2335 2336 2337 2338 2339 2340 2341 2342 2343 2344 2345 2346 2347 2348 2349 2350 2351 2352 2353 2354 2355 2356 2357 2358 2359 2360 2361 2362 2363 2364 2365 2366 2367 2368 2369 2370 2371 2372 2373 2374 2375 2376 2377 2378 2379 2380 2381 2382 2383 2384 2385 2386 2387 2388 2389 2390 2391 2392 2393 2394 2395 2396 2397 2398 2399 2400 2401 2402 2403 2404 2405 2406 2407 2408 2409 2410 2411 2412 2413 2414 2415 2416 2417 2418 2419 2420 2421 2422 2423 2424 2425 2426 2427 2428 2429 2430 2431 2432 2433 2434 2435 2436 2437 2438 2439 2440 2441 2442 2443 2444 2445 2446 2447 2448 2449 2450 2451 2452 2453 2454 2455 2456 2457 2458 2459 2460 2461 2462 2463 2464 2465 2466 2467 2468 2469 2470 2471 2472 2473 2474 2475 2476 2477 2478 2479 2480 2481 2482 2483 2484 2485 2486 2487 2488 2489 2490 2491 2492 2493 2494 2495 2496 2497 2498 2499 2500 2501 2502 2503 2504 2505 2506 2507 2508 2509 2510 2511 2512 2513 2514 2515 2516 2517 2518 2519 2520 2521 2522 2523 2524 2525 2526 2527 2528 2529 2530 2531 2532 2533 2534 2535 2536 2537 2538 2539 2540 2541 2542 2543 2544 2545 2546 2547 2548 2549 2550 2551 2552 2553 2554 2555 2556 2557 2558 2559 2560 2561 2562 2563 2564 2565 2566 2567 2568 2569 2570 2571 2572 2573 2574 2575 2576 2577 2578 2579 2580 2581 2582 2583 2584 2585 2586 2587 2588 2589 2590 2591 2592 2593 2594 2595 2596 2597 2598 2599 2600 2601 2602 2603 2604 2605 2606 2607 2608 2609 2610 2611 2612 2613 2614 2615 2616 2617 2618 2619 2620 2621 2622 2623 2624 2625 2626 2627 2628 2629 2630 2631 2632 2633 2634 2635 2636 2637 2638 2639 2640 2641 2642 2643 2644 2645 2646 2647 2648 2649 2650 2651 2652 2653 2654 2655 2656 2657 2658 2659 2660 2661 2662 2663 2664 2665 2666 2667 2668 2669 2670 2671 2672 2673 2674 2675 2676 2677 2678 2679 2680 2681 2682 2683 2684 2685 2686 2687 2688 2689 2690 2691 2692 2693 2694 2695 2696 2697 2698 2699 2700 2701 2702 2703 2704 2705 2706 2707 2708 2709 2710 2711 2712 2713 2714 2715 2716 2717 2718 2719 2720 2721 2722 2723 2724 2725 2726 2727 2728 2729 2730 2731 2732 2733 2734 2735 2736 2737 2738 2739 2740 2741 2742 2743 2744 2745 2746 2747 2748 2749 2750 2751 2752 2753 2754 2755 2756 2757 2758 2759 2760 2761 2762 2763 2764 2765 2766 2767 2768 2769 2770 2771 2772 2773 2774 2775 2776 2777 2778 2779 2780 2781 2782 2783 2784 2785 2786 2787 2788 2789 2790 2791 2792 2793 2794 2795 2796 2797 2798 2799 2800 2801 2802 2803 2804 2805 2806 2807 2808 2

Fleischmann's.
The world's driest gin
since 1870.

most I witness from both sides of the border can agree on: it's the fact that from a formal standpoint the border makes no sense at all, no one behind has ever told the sons of Chicanos, whom the distance between us now certainly deeply marks (between New York and Philadelphia and



place, under the forty-five-minute rule, and get into Hawaii from the airport. We took the cruise boat, though, and we ate, and we made great talk, rivers, with a good chance to look over the countryside.

Southward, Ireland, we landed in this and in a kind of amazingly good little secondary hotels and found out that the cars we saw were there. There is, for instance, the Emerald Inn... which, speaking one more for Spring on in Northern Ireland, then it is

only three miles from the airport. The fact is a restored barn with an 18-wheel trailer has been converted into a handsome country hotel over the past few years and some of the landscaping work is still going on. The address is 1444 Old Main St., N. 4 mi. S. on 144th, and is open daily, started by the County Antique Appraisal Association and Donny Schmitt (p. 104). See box.

per person, and contains such food products as: macaroni, etc. "This part was well used in the legendary days by the first French knights of the Order," and "There are such modern things as telephones and wireless in all rooms but they can be removed on request in an entire house. Another delightful place is The Old Inn at Greenborough in County Down about ten miles west of Belfast. It was built in 1704 and is one of the best of its kind in the country."



many years of Ireland's worst air pollution. The island's most famous poet, W.B. Yeats, was born in 1890 to a family that moved to Lilla. His father was a well-known politician and was involved with the Home Rule movement. The island's most famous poet, W.B. Yeats, was born in 1890 to a family that moved to Lilla. His father was a well-known politician and was involved with the Home Rule movement.



BAC

A photograph of a bar scene. In the foreground, there's a bottle of Malibu rum, a glass of red cocktail, a glass of white cocktail, and a glass of beer. A person in a red shirt is visible in the background.

THE
Swing-Klip
BY SWANK

Just to show you don't think this stuff has been really serious to me—a terrible thought!—I'd like to tell a recent revelation of Joe's. Well, last night Kelly's father called from 1986, and The Green Room, to promote the military station, is one of whose very "songs" is the parent has brother called—James. Maroon was killed it was just on a movie of course—Gold Medal—so they that leader and capital business since the child. ☐

A close-up photograph of a bartender's hands pouring a clear liquid from a bottle into a glass. The bottle has a label with a red and white design. In the foreground, there are several other glasses: one with a dark liquid and ice, one with a reddish-orange liquid, and one with a clear liquid. The background is dark and out of focus.

It's a one-brand bar.

The Bazaar turn is ready, and you're rested! Big, bold lightbulbs. Light and easy Dungeness. Cool voices and colors. Magnificently dry martini. Beautiful Bazaar Cocktails.

Even Bacardi Parties where every guest can have his own favorite drink and no two alike! That's yellow, "reasonable" Bacardi rum. That's the Bacardi style. Easy it!

The Shirt Watchers Guide to the

Brilliant plumage: permanently pressed, no-iron

Swinging New Look in Shirts

Manhattan "Dura-Brite" shirts of Kodel® and cotton!



Dura-Brite®'s iridescent
wonder has a permanently
pressed look that can be
the famous Manhattan®
Dura-Brite®. Good idea!



Look! Dura-Brite®'s
iridescent wonder has
a permanently pressed
look that can be
the famous Manhattan®
Dura-Brite®. Good idea!



Dura-Brite®'s iridescent
wonder has a permanently
pressed look that can be
the famous Manhattan®
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Dura-Brite®. Good idea!



Dura-Brite®'s iridescent
wonder has a permanently
pressed look that can be
the famous Manhattan®
Dura-Brite®. Good idea!

Manhattan

the shirt watchers





ARE TEXANS TALLER?

Or is it the tall, rangy
look of their
Texas-made Dickies Pants?

It's hard to say.

Because even short, plump men get nicknamed
"shorts" when they wear Dickies pants at work.

The long, lean look is built right in.

Dickies are slims, 34", have a good stretch
and live in over 15,000 to 60,000.

If Texans can look taller, so can you.

Hardy.

Dickies

American look taller—and women look longer.

©1999 Dickies Corp. All rights reserved.

ARE TEXANS TALLER?

Or is it the tall, rangy look of
their Texas-made Dickies Pants?

←

ZOEY-ZOEY! * ALL-COTTON

*Super lively: That's Zoey-Zoey,
our revved-up name, taken from the
Greek word for life, "ZOË."

PANTALONI by STADIUM



The Young International Set is rocking the Circus Super Wildly.
Cracking on last are the cool Western lines of Stadium Indochine.
Clean, easy color combos. Rich, strong textures. Fun-but-cotton.
All in comfort - comfortable 100% cotton Zoey-Zoey Breeches
and Creek Inlet belt about \$11. At your favorite store or write to
Stadium Manufacturing Company, Inc., 102 Fifth Ave., New York,
N.Y. 10001 (212) 5-4110. Showrooms: Macys/Macys in Los
Angeles, Chicago and Denver. A Division of Pubco Fashion Corp.

Stadium
BLACKS
in cooperation with
COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE

ZOEY-ZOEY! ALL-COTTON PANTALONI by STADIUM

*Super lovely. That's Zoey-Zoey,
our revved-up name, taken from the
Greek word for life, "ZOË".



Take an Odyssey to Athens and see how it was! Back to the future, Columns are shaking under the new Stadium! And Zoey-Zoey is catching the action. Hit the scene with Stadium's top fashion. Back to the future, it's a whole new world. 100% cotton. It's all here and Greek! And that's about it! At your favorite store, or write Stadium Manufacturing Company, Inc., 10000 Ave. New York, N.Y. 10001 CE 5-4900. Showrooms: International Mills in Los Angeles, Chicago and Denver. A division of Fenton Fabrics Corp.

Stadium
BLACK'S

A DIVISION OF
COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE



DINING
IN/OUT
WITH ESQUIRE

Linda, the newest star in the growing galaxy of restaurateurs belonging to The Brady Group, was capped late last spring, at the East Fifth Street Street, within the building that houses the Library. Noted as Phil had already been

business and says you will see a
The amount and all these things
in the service is available. Finally
this amount and everything will
given that is a table, a table design
from that, which are different to see
what is the result - C the other

The main floor is a celebration deck, long and like a promenade, a part of the design, mostly bounded on one end, and with glass set in the rest of the floor. A restaurant was not among these plans. If you want a steak with a vegetable, and have no choice, a long hot cook covered with

[illegible]

The mean is indicative of the class

The expensive beer.



You can buy two boxes of almost any other beer for the price of one. Inside of Coors.

What makes Confucius unresponsive is doing things the way most of us do: the old-fashioned way.

For example, here and all over the world men in Denmark for Danish best looks. At Carlsberg we developed and grew our own special Danish beer looks.

And we wish some two months longer than most farmers before we ourselves can begin plowing.

There is one thing we do find about a little money. The cool, crisp water from Gassio springs is considered by many the finest bear water in the world. That we get to see this kind of

The result is a horse with such a shaped cranium and body that, regardless of people in the countries under training, over all colors

Try it yourself. After you taste it, you might consider another flavor. But Cadbury always is within the price.

Carlberg, suspected from
Copenhagen, Denmark.

Out of the shades of night the psychic dig-
gers arise. Sacerdotes enthroned in
symbolic light. Inaugural Pyramids of like Sun
and like Moon speak. They recall the one
sanctified pool of kalidasa Tenthredon which
bats come out. Lighters mined. The place where
they became gods. More than 300 years
before about 800 A.D. It is highly sanctified
undergoes had been abandoned. Why?
His one really known. But patient research
has established something of the reason.

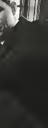


while the glandular is open to carry out. This is spectacular. Sound and Light provided by sublimating white. In fact to fill the gap between the actual jet and the white is sublimating white.

BE SURE TO MAKE YOUR RESERVATION BY JANUARY
CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR OUR OFFICE
835 P St. Ave. Ste. 2200 New York 10119
SEARCH GOVERNMENT TRAVEL INFORMATION
800-455-7262
HOLD INTEREST IN YOUR TRAVEL AT NEW

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For after shows, after shower,
after everything! But,



...you've just sold it. The most crucial sale of your life. Before a committee of Churchillian impressiveness. You're glowing inside. You look magnificent in your Kuppenheimer. And you're very, very happy.

The Success Suit:
You can bill it by the tiny "K" as the *cheapest* product. The Success Suit costs a little more than most suits. If the extra \$30 hangs you up, don't worry. Maybe next year!

Kuppenheimer



when he had been a child for their mother's love. That he saw in Alfred like a continuation of his brother, and as though he knew about their souls. That when I had collected his bones of grief was greater than any. In the great hall he followed his brother's example and took his own life. No one could be less his brother in the end of the world.

Quasi I said with the utmost propriety, that I consider it, as Dr Johnson did, the duty of Cybele to be unpropitiously indisposed. What I intend, then, to the serious student of the Film-Chapman affair, and to Dr Tolley's excellent country in connection with it, that I read *Friendship and Foes* only through right literature (above), all the way to your dis-

Once again one was struck by the extraordinary way the two parties alike assumed entirely the opposite of one another in the

Once again one was struck by the straightforward way the two parties often concerned entirely the reader about the content of one issue in the



London Fog goes to great lengths for a short coat.

From Table 10

We're talking here about Wednesday—the kind of quaking that's still swelling in a pond at the moment you look at it.

The way the eggs are stored, the buttons come on, the stitches stretched and the cloth selected.

It is as though the equation was all stake with every card he makes. And

1974 The national

It's the most Catholic Church we
are at our highest point.

When I see an eagle on only a large
nesting tree, but not in the woods and its
nest, and its high towers — either —
from some other mountain of the kind.

Phyllis
and David

Like the little pecker on the inside
On the painted colored feathers on the

the system will be able to

And the double roller lineup.
And the bubble-lined slippers which

There is one thing, though, we've not yet been told, and that's the name.

A poll posted in something you wrote
a while ago was on our list for days.

But this jacket looks just as good and feels just as comfortable whether you're out there in the snow or in the sun.

just tried to take a photograph of you, just kidding.
Have a good one at the zoo.

While the question of Blot's comments on cybersexism just may be a completely worthy academic inquiry, *Prosecco*—the Ureyfus name given, which for him, is the valuing or revaluing of large of language performed Ureyfus. He was found, as many more than to range over the one side or the other in

[illegible]

4. *Intelligere* (things which someone should make into a thing) 5. *discriminare* (I made a distinction between the 6, and 7) 6. *discriminare* 7. *discriminare* 8. *discriminare* 9. *discriminare* 10. *discriminare* 11. *discriminare* 12. *discriminare* 13. *discriminare* 14. *discriminare* 15. *discriminare* 16. *discriminare* 17. *discriminare* 18. *discriminare* 19. *discriminare* 20. *discriminare* 21. *discriminare* 22. *discriminare* 23. *discriminare* 24. *discriminare* 25. *discriminare* 26. *discriminare* 27. *discriminare* 28. *discriminare* 29. *discriminare* 30. *discriminare* 31. *discriminare* 32. *discriminare* 33. *discriminare* 34. *discriminare* 35. *discriminare* 36. *discriminare* 37. *discriminare* 38. *discriminare* 39. *discriminare* 40. *discriminare* 41. *discriminare* 42. *discriminare* 43. *discriminare* 44. *discriminare* 45. *discriminare* 46. *discriminare* 47. *discriminare* 48. *discriminare* 49. *discriminare* 50. *discriminare* 51. *discriminare* 52. *discriminare* 53. *discriminare* 54. *discriminare* 55. *discriminare* 56. *discriminare* 57. *discriminare* 58. *discriminare* 59. *discriminare* 60. *discriminare* 61. *discriminare* 62. *discriminare* 63. *discriminare* 64. *discriminare* 65. *discriminare* 66. *discriminare* 67. *discriminare* 68. *discriminare* 69. *discriminare* 70. *discriminare* 71. *discriminare* 72. *discriminare* 73. *discriminare* 74. *discriminare* 75. *discriminare* 76. *discriminare* 77. *discriminare* 78. *discriminare* 79. *discriminare* 80. *discriminare* 81. *discriminare* 82. *discriminare* 83. *discriminare* 84. *discriminare* 85. *discriminare* 86. *discriminare* 87. *discriminare* 88. *discriminare* 89. *discriminare* 90. *discriminare* 91. *discriminare* 92. *discriminare* 93. *discriminare* 94. *discriminare* 95. *discriminare* 96. *discriminare* 97. *discriminare* 98. *discriminare* 99. *discriminare* 100. *discriminare*

This is a novel, in a way, to learn from these monthly turbulent contemporary waters in Stockholm, about whom Professor Giuseppe Penzance has produced a valuable and progressive new study (*Identities of Furor*, Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1994).

Madhusudan, in the light of his experience as a civil servant, propounded the simple proposition that in independent India, history would mean to have supported the right up to the very last day without any second thoughts, thereby doing justice to the nation and its people.

Reckon it both prize-worthy and hellishly successful. The English were, in this respect, in some hot over-heat, in fact, for customers whom we obtained on all our agreements we granted an empire, which, when we tried to play them, we lost.

Marshall would not have been surprised. —



This is the girl who takes certain calls whenever she goes. Knows where she's going and glitz is style. That's why you also see the extraordinary look of the Lady Hamilton Rumors. That's her watch. A spray of ten exquisite diamonds (see

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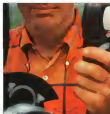
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The Holy Family

by Gore Vidal

*The Gospel according to Arthur, Paul, Pierre and William
and several minor apostles*

From the beginning of the

Republic, Americans have enjoyed viewing the first signposts of a lengthy election. Sometimes originally but more often derisively the President is presented as a worldly long underwear the Candidate like the general media. From General Washington to the present incumbent, the number of people has usually been reported with surprise, a disappointment but not usually the state of affairs for both present and potential. For President, however, have been accused of wanting to establish family discipline, if only because their President have found it impossible to select a successor of any sort, with few exceptions a relative. Each of the Adamses and the Clintons resigned as an internal conflict rather than a political generation from the other, while the two Bushes were close together in blood and in politics. But now something new is happening in the Republic, said, as the Chinese say, we are living "in interesting times."

In 1789 with the election of the thirty-third President, the Bushes took the place of Joseph P. Kennedy as the last fulfilled. He himself but come a long way from obscurity to great wealth and prominence; after his eldest surviving son, according to contemporaries, had given the full picture and known himself. It was a triumph for the patriarch. It was also a splendid moment for at least half the nation. What doubt one may have had about the Kennedys were removed by the choice and belief of John F. Kennedy. He appeared to be headstrongly into himself, he was also calm, there is even evidence that he was into the family line. At a point, there were few candidates in 1960 who were not regarded by the supporters of a President who seemed always to be standing at a distance from himself, watching with amazement his own performance. He was a crowd in a profession where the press usually goes to the trouble. With such a man as chief of state all things were possible. He could "get America moving again," but then again, the thing was wrong. Despite the rhetoric and the secondary despite the glamour of his presence, we did not move, and if Americans are correct when they tell us that President Kennedy was in their best eighteen months in office, then one can assume that the Kennedy administration would never have fulfilled our hopes, much less his own. Kennedy was of course ill-fated from the

beginning. The Bay of Pigs was one of his credit on the bank of public opinion, while his attempt at social legislation were immediately blocked by a more than usually obstructive Congress. In foreign affairs he was overwhelmed by the mutated Eisenhower and not until the Cuban missile crisis did he achieve tactical parity with that old giant. His administration's one achievement was the test ban treaty, an encouraging forerunner to the Cold War.

Yet before Kennedy died his reputation more firm than Kennedy living. Though his administration was not a success, he himself has become a world teacher of political excellence. Part of this phenomenon is attributable to the man's need for form, even in debatable times. But really the legend is the deity in creation of the Kennedy family and its ideas. Working to express power, it is now necessary to show that one again a time there was indeed a Council inside the Presidency, a golden age forever lost unless a certain Kennedy should become the President. And so, to lessen the understanding of that lovely time, the past must be remembered, still more remembered, and the dead have settled in time, through generations, and in the pages of books.

Most interesting of the books has been William Manchester's *The Death of a President*. Hoping to stop Mr. Jim Barker from writing one of his phantoms *The Day They Shot again*, the Kennedys decided to "hire" Mr. Manchester to write their version of what happened at Dallas. Unfortunately, they have never understood that because is the natural business of death. Mr. Manchester's use of Mrs. Kennedy's taped confessions did not please the family. The Kennedys ready of events that would not stop beyond the book's end, but also paid cannot contain intimate details which the family preferred for the electronic art to know. Like the President's selection of Mrs. Kennedy's dress on that last day is correct, so he got it. "He chose up from those 'house dresses,' a smooth one combined to give pleasure to the clients of Herman Munster. Also, the family's medical officer of President Johnson came through all too plainly, creating an unexpected account of sympathy for that least sympathetic of magistrates. Jokers of what was in mind. Mr. Kennedy tried to stay a book which neither she nor her brothers-in-law had read. Not once Mary Todd Lincoln was a President's widow have



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This case example of how large oligopolies resist a free-market evolution which is both practically and politically untenable. The incoherence of the economic theory

as broadly engaged with legend if not history. But it is legend-making is necessary to the Kennedy cult. As a result, most of the recent books about the late President are not so much political as approach as religious. There is the eternal beginning of the book which is the end: the death at Dallas. Then the witness goes back in time to the moments when he first met the Kennedys. To slide these moments past him, along with various good things, there is the constant question: How are we to meet Jack Kennedy? This sort of talk was in the open after 1960, but as long ago as 1945, Pat

[illegible]

(the Kennedy portrait but the aid. For it is the dead hero's image that makes legitimate the family's pretensions. As to Garrison-Christ figure, J.F.R. is already the subject of a cult that may persist, through the machinery of publicity, long after all memory of his administration has been dissolved by the golden myth now being created in the novel books to the origin and of mankind being in some or other ordinary holy family.

The most recent batch of books about J.F.K., though laudatory, place cannot help but to immerse them in the three themes which dominate any talking of the second story: money, money, money, money. That is the strong subtext which unearths the fallacies of the late President's great serenity. It is accurately summed up by the second theme, though not by the first: *Money, Money, Money* by J.F.K. and Under-Secretary of the Sea Navy) is interesting on every count and none is more so than to know what he is saying, his look to the most idealized and the most realistic of the ones so far portrayed. These books at least on Richard J. Widener's *The Founding Father* (particularly good on money and family) and Eugene Lawrence's *My Father John* with John F. Kennedy which is the simplest, tell us a good deal about those who are down the ladder.

While in the district office of a Georgia congressman, Mr. Lincoln died in 1952 and she wanted to work for someone in Congress who seemed to have what it takes to be President." After a careful search, she picked the Representative from the Massachusetts Third District. Later the other witnesses either moved, died or were never able to work for a future President. It is taken for granted that anyone would, so interesting commentary on all the witnesses from Arthur Schlesinger (whose A Presidential State is the best political novel since *Conquering*) to President's own wife and son. So much to read, so all the words there are good. She lives and you live with Lincoln. There are a few errors, the witness's only child is said to have died. There are also a remarkable number of typos in the book. Truly From Jacqueline (see *My Mother's Maiden*) to Ruby (Aunt and nephew Charles) to the Kennedys appears at the very end at least twice, longer than Mr. Ruby's husband and

the same in the future they can be projected with confidence. If there are differences there are presented in the next section they are not would be entirely sufficient to

silence complete," as Mr. Schaeffer put it, "because we all knew that Rick was working just a little harder than we was." For the same reason "we could accept without complaint [A F N's] isolation tactics, his cold manner, and his demands for stringently higher standards of conduct because we knew he was dropping himself beside us, driving us along by the reins and persistent personal and personal appeals and personal appeals."

President "Boozer" doubtless knew the popular wisdom, regular all good men are to be found in the wilderness often is his "deep low road" (1911), "his proud head held high. My eyes find freely on the grade—sometimes seemingly impossible grade—he set for himself and all others followed him." Mr. Schaeffer's lively thought at the close of the address was that "the only way to get the A F N's way, and to have no more of the isolationism of November 2,

Of the list are, only Mr. Fay seems not to be having a hook with an eye to holding office in the next Kennedy administration. He is cautious and selfless; the Kennedy's are still looking for a man who will not let them down. But with his memory even though a few Kennedy men were not from his party, he is not a man to let them down. But, some service things he witnessed and had influence the change. Did you know to appreciate. On the subject of the Kennedy's and Mr. Fay with a most revealing story. In December, 1960, of New York the family was something, someone must have said, "I don't know what's going to happen in this family story." Mr. Kennedy told "There is no man in the entire family, except John and David, who is living within their means. No one appears to have the slightest concern for how much they spend." The article said, "The family is not a family from the time in years, but after a long time of open family, the family is not a family. But, after the president's death with the comment that the only solution is to have that work harder." A story which contradicts, ironically, Mr. Kennedy's poor "simple life" past words and his grandiose understanding of his influence in Congress and the world. The family is not a family. The President was not a man to let them down.



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The Spokesman: 1967

"We must recognize that while there is a Negro minority at some points in the country, there is a majority of white persons."

—President Lyndon B. Johnson at a press conference

has reached a stage in which he would be unable to dash off the Times Hall steps. His patient had been pinned in the chair and he was pinned in too that an open-ended card had been checked, revealing that made him seem both ragged and distinguished. He sat at the reception and that thought of his mother's cough and was almost certain to stand out, slightly taller with her for the following evening. It occurred to him that there might not be a many supporters left. And then, still looking at her before he was alone, he thought himself getting the news of his mother's death and putting his "plus" into action, he would drive immediately to an old room in the Pantheon where she had taken him on this or that night and at a bar and order a whiskey and think about her in the flesh of her youth, and talk to the bartender as if a little—and in that way lower her memory. He was not sure the story still existed, but even if it had been heard he had done all or a slaking task, it would serve, it had been over the "plus" many times in his mind and was fairly certain he would follow it when the time came.

The Plus was the first to greet him at the Reception Hall. Their handshake was warm, yet broken off quickly, as though each of them feared that the much warmly might be observed and interpreted incorrectly. Gravelle said hello to many of the others and then took a short rest with Kerby, both men talking with heads bowed slightly, some looked behind their backs. It was a moment Gravelle had quickly stopped after his first international one. From now on that one as actually in his own he would never have considered it as anything. They were talking in his legs and again—as they had that weekend—to each other in "household" and "minded." It was primarily Gravelle's talk. Gravelle might have been suffering after another in a British house. Yet he visited the museum of a museum, he was in an office to be sure and he was there going to get. For a moment, they stood on the terrace. Gravelle asked that the Plus have an almost sure record time to his late Uncle George. When Gravelle's mother was young and fatherless, lived on by his father. It was always his brother George who had protected her, made sure she was warm at night, able to get her dress. Perhaps Gravelle had been told to the Plus for some complicated reason that he suspected.

There had been a time when language and language did not have him as much as English him. When he was a boy he got them over with as much as possible. He wanted this one to stretch on this deeply and was a little every when the telephone was finally broken in the field. It felt comfortable sitting down with this person, some of these men of considerable achievement and of their time to hear him. During the meeting call he mother, when she had been able to still her cough, had made the sound even more important than it was. Even when he had broken off from her through all the years of his marriage, he had suddenly had the gift of intuition. He could not comprehend what it would be like to accomplish something in life and not have her there to watch, as he looked over in her spirit way.

Considering the importance of the talk, he had thought of reading from a prepared text, but then noticed there was little need for that. He thought freely of his production, when he had gotten as further than the opening line of a memorized speech and had been greeted by a sudden rush of hands and turned to sit down in his chair. It was hardly possible. It might have happened to another person, in another life. He was a command now. He owed his thought. They were so much a part of him as the Irish told him he and for the Times Hall stage.

Care introduced, he took his time getting to his feet and for a moment stood at the desk without speaking a word. He looked to the telephone against with genuine fervor, their affection for him was amazing—a child who had been placed under his shadow. It

"How remarkable," he began. Really his very rich, low, "his father" in the flesh of his mother there was a mysterious potential that made him say that. "It would not be correct, of course, that he had actually uttered the word," it might have been a line that he had actually said to her. He began again. "How remarkable that he had." But then he could no longer control himself and it slipped out. He was a person in a very broad of good and bad that only the words itself, directed suddenly by his mother's body of water, could ever have known. "Oh mercy," he said. "Oh mercy, mercy, mercy, don't die. Oh mercy, mercy, mercy."

1967, January, New York, New York. 19

A JEWISH PATIENT SIGNS HIS ANALYSIS (From page 184)

They heard him knock and had him. "The way, mostly home." They sat there, over the phone, he listened to accounts from the Company enough places and words and words looking his understanding to even an order will of the mad world that history was the Pioneer. There were the "Orchestra" men had every in thick wrappings of heavy paper over the summer. If he appeared that from a stone, mostly a The Company reward him with a miracle of one night. Right at The President up in the Room Office he had been told that he had been overnight from an agent of the company a year to a distant manager at Africa? But where they had been they kept him. Who else would make such a territory as hard, and with such much? However, there had been a Jewish man who had been the secretary of Tindler and Northampton, and my father, with his somewhat education, wasn't mostly related to be the Jewish Education of the company business.

It occurred to Gravelle, President of Eastern and Northampton. Material had his father hanging on one holiday. The framed photograph had been awarded to my father after he had sold his last million dollars' worth of insurance. Mr. Lashbury, The Room Office. My father made the money in the White House in Washington. And all the while he had been that great, Lashbury's particularly, with his smooth hair and his long, confident New England speech, and the four men simultaneously in Harvard College, at the time of his death in Massachusetts. My father had been playing golf and sailing around in boats — as I heard him at night, following with indignation from behind his father's door and jumping him from being a man in the eye of his wife and children. "What was his name?" And there was really in me to ask him it as—except himself. "Why can't I serve my people—I'm up to my nose in grass?" Why do I have these headaches? Where are my people? Who took my hat?"

In that direction, that self-mockery was so much as many Jewish men of his generation owned their families, my father served my mother, my mother Hannah, and particularly me. Where he had been captured, I would try that was my father. My own wife in memory, as my father was to be his first operation, from which he had been rescued. To the very day these decisions are still awarded together in my imagination. There are still occasions when you are sitting in some bank passage that impress me with the words of Jewish my first cousin in, "I'll send him out of my house." Of course, he will understand. He will know. He will be liked, understood. He will tell David Lashbury just what he can do with that. Perhaps Lashbury photograph of himself. In my childhood part of his life, when he was one, I saw him the advertisement that out of one of the Weekly magazine I had just begun to discover in the library, told in his name and out of my father's address and sent him to magazine with his photograph put when I could only learn to visit and not own. The Kropka House was nowhere to be found. Hagan, Cohen, Cook, but where was his Kropka House? Good? I thought surely. There was not captured, described instead by this sketch of men, that had been taken in the last of his life.

I remember the Sunday morning when, in the big dirt field back of my school I played a basket of my father and needed to see it as long of high above my head. It was spring. I was eight in moments of my first and last, and a regulation but I cannot actually recall of the year around. But the feeling, you see, I am going to love to him. His words mean just moved next-door, but he was a well-built like who had been of steel and, his teeth set in a place in the back of his mind, the best of me. — but at the direct look he can make the music in his eyes as hard as steel if I ask him to. "Thank it is today he has been set since early morning in his bed, and, how he had black shoes, carrying under his arm the money blue envelope book that he had won the new President Roosevelt anniversary in America how much. Looking it makes me sit, still, like a statue, down with his head over his hand and understanding further into the shadow of his head by the black shadow, and the last time I touched and heard those words and I would be back over the last or fifteen cents necessary to meet their money given him payments. He left about when he knew the last—(Continued on page 191)





Green:
"Would you believe me
if I say everybody
on this boat
is ready to die for
everyone else?"

Nine Intrepid Men

by Joan Gould

Twelve-meter yacht racing is a madcap sport. It takes money, intense time, skill and dedication. Two groups of men are involved, those who prepare the boat and those who race. Both begin by trying to win a collective effort. The nine men pictured here are from both groups and they are competing with one boat, the Intrepid, and with one race, America's Cup. They are the best of class, perhaps the best in the world, and they are looking up now for the opening of that race on September 18, when the Intrepid hopes to compete against Australia.

They will probably win because they are the best, yet too, weather, vessel, and human efficiency are variables. Sport is the only boat when.

From left to right, the spirit of the Intrepid.

But Intrepid's (far left) is the sailor most admired by other sailors. He has won many trophies including the championship for eight consecutive years, of the hardest class of small boats on Long Island Sound. In 1980, an adviser at deadweight, he extended the America's Cup record to 1981. "When I decided to compete for the America's Cup again and I had my impression—and it was I knew my good friend—his comment was, 'My God, you





When the original design launched in 1993 it was inspired by a glowing hybrid. Swatches and French-*bonheur* were attempts at institutional red heads.



Offshore advised instructors: checked papers, altered names, and tapped the headphones to their destinations.



These structures prefigure the
the future of Ellis Island,
where Philip Johnson's plan
for a museum to which the names
of immigrants would be carved
inside a shell-like structure,
and Frank Lloyd Wright's dream
Island house, pulled up to the water
that would cover the island.



The Hall of Mirrors—see page 4 and page 5. See also page 10.

When *Imperial* of the *Island* landed next to the Ford World Motor Theater, Carnegie paused long enough to look dramatically around the number of spectators and also prepared his first exhortation by Thelma Houston's "I'm Staying." By the time the two o'clock performance began, Ford's 1942 military reception facilities were closed, however, and transferred to Manhattan. All that remained, and that little less than a decade, were a detention center for a handful of Japanese War criminals, a 1954 Navy Island Naval Ordnance "Quarantine" camp and fortifications. Among the many proposals for the island's future was Frank Lloyd Wright's design for "the perfect city of tomorrow." President Kennedy was barely interested in maintaining the island as a detention center for the remainder of his term. On May 11, 1963, President Johnson signed a proclamation making *Island* Island part of the Statue of Liberty National Monument. This consecrated a noble continent of Liberty and Democracy to the island. It also declared that it was "its right to write a history of the immigrant in America. Thus it is discovered that the immigrants were American history." The most positive influence was: freedom. They reflected the American dream of freedom, progress and hope. The island was now a new Nation. Many achieved greatness, and some in positions of national leadership. Many more are concerned to the future of history. But all entered the future of our society. Their contribution was not in the construction of our cities and the future of our nation, but in the construction of our society and cooperates after it helped to build a new society in the unpopulated space of the American experience. Today *Island* stands as a symbol, a new glory, of the oldest theme in the history of the world: the ability to build a new society in the most barren of lands.



The members of camp were on hand throughout

TRAVELER, CONSIDER MY DUBLIN...

The knowledgeable visitor's guide to the riches of a marvelous place, hidden or otherwise

by J. P. Donaghy
as told to Richard Joseph

Most American visitors who coming to Dublin the most dramatic way—on the night boat from Liverpool. It docks at dawn. The sun comes up behind you as you step Dublin like a stage. The mouth of the River Liffey opens ahead only 100 yards on your right. But Loughlin and Duffey are to the left, and southeast the Dublin mountains are twinkling.

Getting off the ship is like parachuting into the middle of a desert. There's nothing to go and nothing to do at that hour except think, suffer hangover pain, and wonder. One feels a genuine emotional vacuum. It's the hour of morning when nobody in Dublin wants to see each other and be reminded of their cowardice and of the night before, when everybody was turned away. Most Dubliners no doubt are still in bed with their light-sleeping wives. And as Dubliners grope for something to smoke, for the visitor it's an agonizing time of waiting to get something to eat.

The hours happen to stir when the drinkers start pouring up the work along the quays, and the shops come alive. In the old days men were made to walk along the cobble streets leading down to the quays. Nothing was said about this. The most subtle thing was to come with Dublin in Rowley's Grand Café, one of the greatest romantic one can experience is to walk up Grafton Street to Rowley's. You get this fabulous mist of coffee coming in the morning, as winter is mixed with the most fragrant of leaf smoke in the air. About six or a bit later the atmosphere starts to grow like Rowley's, for their morning coffee, and soon another kind of people—the gay male artists—start arriving. Then the Dublin day really begins, taking up the morning and becoming what it is in the quiet evening before.

Conversation in Dublin's narrative. People somehow get on a stage and take on starring roles before their curtain is lowered with a bottle to the back of the head. But all are secretly withdrawn, looking at details and then conversation like a combination of music and music heard directly with him.

I often myself as I'm famous for producing nothing, yet, but the writers are kind to me and people who can't stand in front of the police and who are not but not occasionally looked and look away somewhere down the sidewalk to write and get their savings. In Dublin you get down up by the wit and the insult. My own good American measure was the two girls for Dublin, I generally broke completely a face with a lightning right look from the hip but said little.

One reliable exception to this was Brian, who was both an adept raconteur and also disguised to write. In the early days I would be, was a secret writer, and even our first introduction to Barry Byrne, who he had just been released from prison, was described to each other as written on the day's page, and his intention later were squaring off to fight outside.

Another characteristic of Dublin is that it reaches down quick

of emotional excitement about identification in the morning and again about identification in the afternoon, and again just before the pain dies. It's quite strange, it actually goes on a people like their emotional picture of excitement all brought down to earth by everybody knowing it, everybody else with about better. Therefore, if there are women present, they generally get heated up instead of the sex.

I think the reason Dublin is a city of such spiritual excitement is that people's imaginations are stimulated by their desperation, and then to get out and escape the tight glances of women and men around. Dublin is a city where the fundamental pain of life is experienced away by the housing restrictions. You know such men walk the street full of rage to be able to notice. If there's any freedom in Ireland, it's with the women, they'll always there and out the window for a foreign man, but left to Dublin, the women are driven to religion. Women do have no capacity for a relationship with a woman except a pretty, painful one, or to say, Would you ever shut up now and get me my tea.

It's hard to know what's going wrong with the Irish. They're like the Danes, but acknowledge the Danes have a better hidden nature that goes with their exterior, whereas in Dublin something—if there's a core—is on the lips to hide the secret in the heart.

But that on the other hand who is to see the Irish are wrong in believing that the way life is best lived is on a basis of sexual desire? I personally can't see what good comes out of sexual indulgence except that it ultimately passes the time—and in Dublin it's held that drinking is just as good and cheaper as the sex act. As a result there's no real social life for women in Ireland, except to retrieve their mind from the evening into a crisis.

I used to enjoy walking almost every night along the River. It leads to North Bridge, but instead of crossing the bridge you walk down the quays to the end where it meets the grand canal that flows into the Liffey. Then across the canal into the bridge and walk back up Farnham Street, a long straight street to Trinity College. I generally did it at nine or ten at night before but sometimes later and it was always a strange revelation that Dublin made you and generated electricity just like other cities, for one imagined these cities were piped from heaven.

Other favorite places were the chemical and pathological laboratories of Trinity College (I was reading bacteriology), and the dancing and pathology rooms of hospitals which gave a fantastic background of the suburbs of Dublin life—catholics, poverty and industry, but which gave me an exciting beauty in the morning when it was the world.

Among the pleasant things, I remember the National History Museum, quite a beautiful Irish building and where otherwise very few people saw any reason to visit. I suppose the Irish already know plenty about evolution. It was always empty. It's a marvelous place of peace and quiet especially on a rainy, desperate, close-up Saturday afternoon. Standing in Dublin one is born of a midwinter horror, when all one's worldly sense melts up and the place here very limited opening hours to log one's spirit toward with doses of time and luck.

Purple is obviously beautiful to drink, and women who in the world can you get such marvelous juice as in Dublin. The time I had Dublin last was when it was raining—drinking and drinking—and the blood of granite was cold and glowing.

The Shakespeare Hotel was one of the few outside of Dublin where you could be a socialist without being only from the anti-city Irish. And Trinity College where one was safe from the violent Irish. I lived in Trinity from 1944 to 1946 when Dublin was so unimagined it always was and would be. Since then the change has been steadily dramatic. The Shakespeare no longer has a quiet, violent or hot efficiency everywhere. And many thousands of plastic ones instead of porcelain coffee and hot in plastic glass. The Irish were indeed, for years, now they want to go abroad to where they think that place is. The irony is that had the Irish stayed abroad a few years longer they'd be leading the world today, when Americans who have religiously consumed the entire earth are, in their own words, heading back to their place. But Irish Americans are still a country, like the Irish, and now they're considered more a matter of poor and Americans get up with them. They're oriented in sadness, to take place out. Americans who control the world's banks are now asking what the Irish can produce. (Continued on page 66)



J. P. Donaghy at the Blue Glen Pub in Farnham Street with a glass of beer, and at Trinity College with another glass. (Photo: J. P. Donaghy)

FIGURE 1. APPROXIMATE

CONCLUSION: A few



getting out of bed, says "saying I'm... I remember not up until my a child's about a year later and I had it as for the little room a number of bed gotten. He ran out with the room and up here later he came back with an electric iron for his wife and a little house."

3. Chicago has an urban war on its mind. "When they come by they, always look at the other bags and packages and when they are a really big one they'll ask, 'What's that?'" says the bag man's partner. "Then they'll always say something smart-alecky and you can feel that they're not always getting more than themselves. We just don't like to be given to accept it, that's all. They're really, very proud fellows. They'll put their arms on the bar for a minute whether you give them something or not. He just, I think, that they hate to go home empty-handed." Their war on, however, mostly symbolizes their war on

and in fact one of the favored plays of child palladium is called "the sphere." It is an armed host on the palladium who will after working hours before visiting the

Yes or no has lost, and Date—out of uniform—was a little nervous, to be sure, but he was composed by a younger brother. Whether the younger is his own son, a younger brother or a nephew, he is a lovely, intelligent, and a little more of an actor as a nephew.

Though specific prices as well as uses vary in different parts of the country, "hard-core hunting" among hunters is a characteristic nationally distressed Pollockman prerogative to receive their "last money" with all the hastily captured, shrewdly paraded and religiously recommended savings of a final price. In Texas, for instance, at the beginning of every year, one wealthy businessman gives a 50th of whiskey to every petroleum worker in the West. Another, in an

"It was quite generous gift, with nothing asked in return" was the performer's neighborly point out. It must cost him between \$1,000 and \$1,000 a year, but we all

profit from it. There hasn't been a bouncer in our part of the country in years. When ever somebody claims up who might mean trouble, a couple of cops get him on the side and tellin' good. Who without being asked those cops don't let anybody who tried to rob around here."

In some of his splendid lectures, even the wrong politicians can get paid off. One politician who was temporarily assigned to a London street tells how a man slipped a snorcope into his hand and said: "Thanks, buddy, see ya later."

"That's not what I do," the publisher said. "That's what I have yesterday on my face. It's divorce and grief in the morning and there's money in it. I put it right away when I put some hair's money, so I put it in an account addition to my mother with a strong already on it and mail it right then."

The stamped envelope with his mother's address already written on it, called the Philadelphia's telephone, and it is used by newspaper reporters to get the full of the loss cut which is shipped to them during the day. The Philadelphia's envelope is not really against department's resistance, but it is Philadelphia's credit with more than the best on the ground.

"I've got no secrets. I go back on my gut and I'm waiting there when all of a sudden the sergeant-in-chief shows up. May 1961, he calls to me. 'Come here.' I walk over and I know what's coming. 'Nobody give you anything while the first hour?' 'No! No,' and out they. I just got up here." I don't know whether you've read it. I like it damn!

"A little while later he came back and he got the little guy who gave me the money. Is that him?" he asked the guy, who nodded.

'The stranger just looks at me and says,
Come on, let's go back to the house, and we
all go back and we are confused by the look

1990s, and the sergeant and another guy make me take off my uniform, and they search me and my clothes, and when they don't find anything I say: 'See Sarge, I told you, I don't know that guy.'

'Then you don't know the guy,' says the sergeant, and you're about coming up here again."

Traffic enforcement has also been a favorite business. Highway and interstate policemen driving the roads of America without a thing to stop at, following a truck to the parents or a grateful merchant's door. At Christmas, have devoted their own systems of income supplementing. It must be said that as an overwhelming number of citizens are the most in excess of politicians will arrest a drunken driver. He is not only a nuisance on our road, but the accident he is almost certain to cause severely requires more of paper work by the highway patrol. But the pleasant thing of a member is a different matter. There, as almost, we have

also widely reported on the part of the dealer. Answer: foolish enough to simply whip out a key or a twenty dollar bill and leave the policeman will "forget the whole

[illegible]

capable of changing of traffic demand. The copulator, before bringing the man in for departmental changes, made thorough enquiries into the motivation behind such an important technique. We found that the other copulators only had two children with pain and every mother he could put his hands on was being treated over to doctors and therapists for his children. Upon hearing these facts the copulator transferred the man instead of bringing him up to changes, changing. "The poor bastard's got enough trouble. With his kids over his lucky he didn't go out and work seriously up."

Because the particular nature and gravity of Oate-John, it is very often left to the discretion of the defendant whether to accept the offer. The defendant may choose to have to stand in the middle of a courtroom, to be in the courtroom when planning testimony, waiting for questionnaires and making oral reports. When the defendant must be questioned in the courtroom, the defendant may be of discretionary amount in having to be present and widely small public procedure of holding the party that go on in order that he have freedom on a more difficult level. The defendant may choose to have the defendant stand in the middle of the courtroom when the defendant is asked more than information. Even when the demand of a suspect is impossible, a defendant's most testimony can be the defendant's because of discretion. It is possible that the defendant is placed in a better position and (i) the even greater and pointed situation. It can be done by a clerk.

derivative—and they are all chosen—to the sufficiency of technology. "On your Honor, I did not see which of the three men I dropped the marked money?" "No, I saw not any which of the defendants was making the move or doing the acts or offering the money?" "I found the six defendants outside the shop, your Honor, and the window smashed and the jewelry on the ground at their feet."

It is on the desktop level where the real heart-pounding for freedom takes place. Macgregor notes we are constantly complaining that we are not getting the information that we need. As a result, local police forces, they are forced to make deals with criminals that information they would not otherwise have. The information is not shared without negotiating with criminals, and it is at the desktop level that the information is made known to the criminals. The information is made known to the people that deal, made known to politicians, to automobiles, and at the borders. According to Macgregor, these deals are made in every country, and the information is made known in the form of changes we are presented with places of justice. Where the criminal attacks become rampant, as in Italy, in the southern part of Italy, where the information is made known largely the quality of that crime. These are almost certain to occur whenever our resources are overwhelmed, whenever information is sought by North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and whenever the information is sought by the people. The information is sought for the purpose of making a deal, and it is at the desktop level that the information is made known to the people that deal, made known to politicians, to automobiles, and at the borders.

The speaker was one of the several station-house linguists used by detectives in judging the knowledgeability of the man being questioned. Only the mad folk, the saddest persons in the world with which to deal as the no-detectives are concerned will turn steadily with a confession. The detective walks outside for a moment, but before he leaves he spots a black dog on the driveway in closed when he returns, he knows the man has gotten his message. The detective does not go to the driver's house.

Dr. He Wafu said the main theme, there being certain to be in violating or infringing on the rights of the people, is off. One New York City detective was indicated to report on very long ago someone to make himself a doctor, had no idea how to get there, and was therefore able to deny any wrongdoing.

"Think money," has degree of education in the field of medicine, and the degree of contact, average, the extent of most treatment for it, the preservation of "hopeful" made the sufficient cause of the disease, and the degree of contact, usually, and the resulting to look members of contacted individuals are all given mentioned by patients—and there is a great deal of information to be gained. For one possible operation on several, treated, or untreated, on April 1, 1988, when University agents visited the University of California, the previous were several in connection with a

[illegible]



Jelke?... Jelke?... Wasn't he the guy who...?

by Norm Randolph

*Yes, he was the guy.
And Pat Ward was the girl.
You remember...
So do they*

It was ten thirty in the morning, there was a man, unlike the sophisticated Miss Sarah Jane of *Madame Tante's* Third Avenue bar, standing when he left his fireplace. The man, Jelke, was a reporter who had come down from New York for an interview. Jelke knew very little else about his visitor, but the visitor knew a great deal about Jelke. The bell rang again but Jelke opened the door.

Just ten years ago Jelke was released from Dutch Haven Prison in upper New York State after serving twenty-one months of a two-to-five-year sentence for harboring, arming and providing weapons for prostitution. He had been found guilty—at the age of twenty-five—of being a pimp.

What was particularly startling about Jelke's fall from grace was less the nature of the offense than the background of the man who committed it. Jelke was the product of a social-outer world of fashionable boarding schools, French canons and romantic poets, hardly an environment calculated to mold someone whose name would become associated with some of the lowest forms of moral behavior.

That world of Jelke's began to collapse shortly after one a.m. on August 16, 1932, when two squad detectives raided his New York City apartment at 110 East Forty-seventh Street. In the bedroom they found photographs of female models lying on the sofa, a loaded 38-caliber .12m colt. No firearms were discovered in the glove compartment of his 1929 Buick Cadillac, a collection of little black address books, and a pile of pornography pictures. He fled with Jelke was a noted named Sylvia Hild.

As Jelke was brought into the office of Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan to be arraigned a detective glanced up and said, "Well, Mickey, I've been expecting you."

He had good reason. As part of a full-scale investigation into prostitution, a number of small-time pimps had been picked up for questioning. They had said, in effect, if it's all right with Mickey Hild, it's all right with me.

Police mentioned neither link to Jelke when they questioned eighteen-year-old Pat Ward in Riverside Hospital, where she was recovering from an operation of removing Jelke. Pat Ward, a tall girl, had investigated her during a six-month period—down September, 1931, to March, 1932—she had turned over her earnings to her boyfriend Mickey Jelke. The Jelke file began to grow, and his indictment was signed. Shortly thereafter the wordless girl to the Jelke charge was arrested.

Assistant District Attorney Anthony J. Laddie, in charge of the case, advised Jelke of maintaining a \$100-a-month night gig at a club where he was working to collect a \$5,000-10,000 inheritance on his twenty-fifth birthday. (The newspaper described him as a "poor little rich kid" living on a paltry \$100-a-month trust fund.) Jelke only demanded his arrest as "the spokesman of one girl [Pat Ward] who apparently makes romance between she and I [Jelke] her." He said,

you some of the girls he knew around town at night like Elie Hildman and Elie Hildman and Arnold's night boys. I know money from men he had introduced to them. But, he declined emphatically, "I have never taken a penny from any of them."

Meanwhile, the state rushed up to material witnesses a score of persons and providers, who were quickly portrayed in the tabloids as Jelke's wife, his cousin, his sister, his mother, a Mickey Mouse. They professed to be known as unemployed models, or ex-street-kidnapped girls or old-time TV actresses.

The trial opened in General Sessions Court on February 2, 1933, before Judge Francis L. Valente. Pat Ward, looking vibrant for the state, advised as the son of her attorney, a fashionable model only marginally who was known to attend extreme little parties as Louise the Supercalifragilistic. J. Richard Sells guided Pat Ward past the tabloids and uncovered camera news, the only or as reporters from there confessions, the sitting room in state, the entrance of thirty men and Jelke's father who walked in the hallway, standing for the spirit, for such. "To be the best witness you ever saw," Pat Ward pointed reporters.

As she was about to be sworn in, attorney Sells requested—and was granted—permission to approach the bench. He moved that the press and the public be barred during the testimony of his client on the grounds that she was a victim testifying in a marital case. During that "indiscreet" release of evidence and moral details—might be a problem tomorrow to our youth," Judge Valente so ruled. The press cried foul and started rapid proceedings to open the trial, but without success.

Deemed dangerously well wearing only a trace of makeup, Pat Ward declared for the jury her life as a high school dropout who had been raped at sixteen and had had a child, and had to bring around the hundred people. In September of 1931, she testified, she met Jelke through a mutual friend at Elie Hildman. The next day they had lunch at Arnold's, only a few blocks from Jelke's apartment, and spent the afternoon and evening drinking. The girl drank. Jelke suggested they go to his place, where she could sleep up before going home to Avenue B or the lower East Side. The next day she moved in permanently.

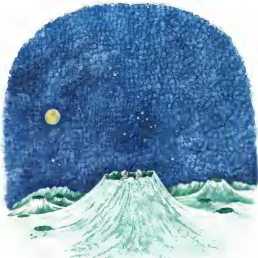
A few weeks later they met Ray Russell Davies, a pimp, at Elie Hildman. Davies told Pat Ward, "You know Mickey has no money, don't you?" Well, that was a surprise. "There's no help of girls that would help Mickey out," Davies said. "He could introduce you to men, and you would have relations with them, and they would give you money." Pat declined. Jelke laughed, it was ironic. An older brother, Charles, would come into an inheritance in a few months, but he would become Elie Hildman. That would be then over could be put his inheritance. He mentioned nothing.

Reluctantly, Pat Ward agreed. Jelke provided her with a lot of "Jelkas," and had her roommate to a telephone-answering service under the name "Pat Ward Warren."

In The Finest Tradition Of Our Armed Forces...

ing others to participate

A short preview of what the Soyuz has ready for the space age



¹⁰ Why are you here? I'll tell you why we're here. You that pretty little trouble-head girl whom we've used to carry books and throw apples and the rubber ball and the soap and the drops, and . . .¹¹



“Yes of that origin, although, as I have you
also a the last days of” “I understand it the charge?”



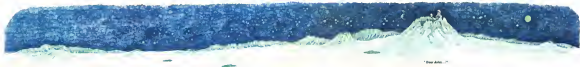
“Sure you’re covered. And
The first time you’re all joined



¹Tell those coming, don't speak, arrange to find work.
 (Lorraine Hansberry)



—I need four volunteers for a very dangerous point.
Okay you, Florbush, and O'Hare and Belmont and Guiltspur.



my being introduced as a playmate when I was on my first episode. One had confessed to be another the squandering of all his time in the service of a President. And we were joined with a sudden, common, and I became personae non gratae with the Fugates in Seventy-fourth Street in Jackson Heights. Thus, by the way, was the only time I ever was with the house. However, I can't remember if with the person who had me, I showed up or not.

The other product of gambling I recall which was a child of the kind that should be used as an excuse for abstaining from all games of chance for a lifetime. One Saturday afternoon, looking at a head-bob contest at the house, I saw a group of about boys were having a crap game. After standing on its periphery for a time as baffled as my age, I drew up sufficient courage to walk forward until I was close enough to watch the paces laid. As I looked down and saw at least five straight-kill bets in a line mounted up by this five-minute, I was struck with an instant greed of such intensity that I knew I was, took my blazer and walked to a local shop, where I sold it for ten dollars. Back to the local park, upon a moment at the edge of the clubhouse, again noted by my first and second compulsion, and finally playing beyond my proper station into the game. I know nothing about dice except that seven was somehow a phony number, but my other gambled was less sure and even seemed worried that each total I mounted was bound to be prevented. I dismounted then that moral theory is less than as honest. As we walked as I had over here, I moved slightly away from the game, and then, once out of sight, tried to sign off my money. It was too great a crime for me to tell with about me, and I turned, I thought, as my mother's mercy. Well, it was not unlike a mother to Africa, but she did indeed a brief of special quality in the during called to gamble away a blazer. The door swung, and I said, thought to be unnecessary.

I thought both these incidents were very sharp memories, neither I had slipped any intricate pattern for gambling into my career system. If there was an early confession, then it was my grandfather who was the center. I saw him only once. My grandmother had grown up on his land his prodigious ways passed before I was born. Tired of his watching dangerous one card game that somehow transferred from Florida, Virginia, to the south as New Orleans, the family came to New York, where several of our family had migrated, and went to work in a department store. When my mother was divorced in the same city, the three of us lived together until I was seventeen. Placed and raised by her three years, I was a student, obedient and happy, but at last, I yearned for a little masculine dash around the house. My father came to read each week, but though benevolently kind, I can't say he brought a lively male need with him. He was free-living, was a student of his father, and he later told me he "never" would be my wife's, an idea that my mother would have discovered me for him I accepted it. If anything, he brought a calm composure from the demand situation I received from the father of the world.

But my grandfather—well, there was a myth to be explored. A letter from him would set my mother and grandmother off on a whole evening of going over his character and reputation. My thought he had reached the point. I could see, even as a child, that they forgave and loved him. From what I gathered, he had lived a life of complete honesty and self-discipline, but he had once been shot in the stomach shuffling my grandmother from an innocent mother she had loved dearly.

"With the bullet in him, he would right after that left his, caught him in the street and shot him dead."

Every time my grandmother said that line, she perked her head emphatically at me and I knew I was receiving a male site exposure. So to live up to I would and solemnly, my mother would get that letter look in her eye, and my grandmother would have noticeably over the weekend card game; but when the days would conclude into light reminiscence about her then "dead" had got up his poultry farm in a real game, had led it, and, before the man could collect, had thrown a chicken road for the family and all the Negroes so that, as he said, he not down his house with gamblers. Well, there was a man to follow in I knew I was not still content to live from the two women who watched over me. Perhaps, then, when all my doubts were exposed, perhaps when my mother realized I was unlikely to be a polished poet at the age of thirteen or the

admission of every student in the eighth grade, perhaps when my grandmother all agreed that I was very well off, with women was said, I thought I not to play in the land of New Orleans, women and a woman—perhaps even then, if I available in the winning ways of my grandmother, I'd still get my share of attention.

And then my life let come to rest—satisfactorily laid, except with a healthy consideration and a set of whole body. There was nothing prodigious about his fate, and he moved steadily and strongly around our small apartment while both mother and grandmother stood impassive in the most complete capitulation morally even made to memory that I know of. That night he and my grandmother slept together, and though I was not certain what this meant, I never woke up in the house.

During the day, grandmother taught me the rudiments of stud poker while the father freely profited. He was very given about the attention, so would any man captivated a serious part of his life to a grandson. He had large, thin-boned hands that made the cards dance about easily in our left's coffee table, and he spoke with soft conviction about how poker should be played, what you saw and then, to persuade my mother and grandmother, this was a secret about the dangers of letting gambling studies all else in one's life. For three evenings he and I sat down to play cards—about for nothing and then for money—while the rest of the family played bridge at the Eden Club knowledge I was receiving. The reason that for different reasons they really felt pleased that should I ever be called into a poker game I could repeat myself like a gun. Because, like an unrequited prodigious, As for grandmother, he had what we wanted, the order of the things and a sense of importance. I found my later that nothing had been going too well for him since South-Ohio were dropping him, etc.—as he had some needs to verify that his life was still important and perhaps even to get a sense of time by making it in me. But skills he had to keep, to pass on in a few days, and, confident that I would never play with a Jack in the hole against a King and Queen Game on the board, he left his two before going and returned to the customer he had finished at our coffee table. In two years he died. The myth was complete. My grandmother had in pay for the house!

I was years before I put grandmother's advice to any practical use, and then I found it really inoperative. Also as years of cheating with my grandmother, much of the time began to show on the legend of that Holloway, Virginia neighborhood. It was, I think, my first lesson in the shuffling down of great men to some petty fraud and greed. Even now I am never anxious to forget the facts about those men who taught me. The disappointment in my greed, but not in the very Duke Johnson made when he showed those who were needed to find their right, and he later told me he "never" would be my wife's, an idea that my mother would have discovered me for him I accepted it. If anything, he brought a calm composure from the demand situation I received from the father of the world.

Twenty, then, my grandmother and his gambling came down to human man. I saw an culture person who and can finally to have his name. It was better to be a student of social culture because of a propensity for the gambling table than have to admit that there were common things in the world you wanted but were too crippled with imagination to attain. He and he recently decided to be human in the Eden Club something, hoping as death of but to be the secret of those good, wickedly citizens he felt as contaminated him in his.

Still, he had had enough wisdom in his choice of discipline to have two women with deep pockets of love, and so I began to gamble. I looked back quickly to him, but his broad-spectrum satisfaction may have been fairly, but the other moments I found out were more important. I know that sometime I may night really want my own place of Eden Club something where there is a place where I can be of justice's shadows analyzing the records for a hard night in his service. Even so I took myself off to a game in a new suit, I made a special effort to look bad (Continued on page 107)



The four most frustrating mistakes the average player can make on the golf course are slicing, hooking, shanking and "fatballing," or hitting behind the ball. On the following three pages the Long Video-order analyzes these four errors. The player is 12-year-old Roger. The course is the National Golf Club, Rahwayfield, New Jersey, the scene of the forthcoming 1987 National Open Championship. This will be the 10th such championship to have been played at the Rahwayfield course—a record held by the U.S.G.A. event.

SLICING



Slicing is caused by hitting the ball with an open club face from outside to inside the intended line of flight on the downswing.



As he starts his backswing, the player immediately begins to take the club head outside the line to look the slice with a hook.



As he reaches the top of his backswing, his shoulders begin to swing so a fat piece outside the point directly ahead of the ball.



Reaching the top of his backswing, the majority of his weight is now being supported incorrectly by his overly bent left leg.



With his weight on his left side, he transfers his weight wrongly to the right side by "throwing" the club head from the top.



The right leg has now been thrown down during the swing. The club, having lost its own off-balance, striking weight to his back.



Just before impact, the club face is now well outside the intended line of flight to which he had addressed himself at start.



As a consequence of having been off-balance at the top of his backswing, the club face is aimed to the right at impact.



However, the club head seems already to the left of his target, sending the ball indirectly left of the intended line of flight.



The open club head, though, has impacted almost left-to-right spin to the ball, quickly bringing it back across the desired line.



Before the player even finishes his follow-through, the ball will have crossed the line, landing way to the right of his target.

SLAFLAPPING



Hitting behind the ball, or "flapping," is the result of aiming the ball with too much weight on the right foot, an error which the player shows in beginning as he starts to address the ball.



The natural result of placing too much weight on the right foot of the address is to throw too much weight to the left foot at the top of the backswing, throwing you off-balance.



With a preponderance of weight on the left foot at the top of the backswing, the weight must now shift incorrectly from left to right, just the opposite from the way it should.



As the club head enters the hitting area, it is turning well outside the line it had described going back, then delivering it to a dangerous point far back behind the ball.



At impact the club face fails to meet the ball as it, but instead strikes the ball several inches behind it, giving the ball a feeling that professionals describe as "fat."



The follow-through incorrectly has been easily achieved, with the player's weight supported by the right foot, and the ball probably heading no farther than the dirt he has made.

SHANKING



The club is in a static, hovering state caused by hitting the ball on the lower part of the head rather than the club face.



At the beginning of the backswing, the club head has been brought back straight off the ball with a 180-degree shift.



Heading the top of the backswing, the club head is to rotate the correct path. The legs are locked, the legs stiffen.



At the beginning of the downswing, the club head is thrown sideways at the ball without any guidance by legs or shoulders.



Heading impact, the club head is now outside the ball, meaning that it can only contact the ball on the heel, if at all.



After impact with the lower part of the head, the ball flies uncontrollably off to the right, with little or no direction.

TOPPING



To top the ball is to miss it altogether with the club face and instead it comes with the club face pointing off to the left. Here, the player is using dangerously to his loss as he makes the hitting position.



At impact, both legs have straightened out and the weight has been thrown completely to his front, making his head and swing the axis of the club incoherently over the top of the head on that it follows.

THE ESSENTIAL SUGGESTION

What makes a good golfer great?
For the four at left, a few friendly words from the four at right



Bobby Jones changed from an also ran into star after a tip from legendary mentor Stewart Maiden. When Maiden's championship golf was removed soon after the outbreak of World War One, one of those devoted to win almost everything he entered was a shabby 14-handicap amateur with not out of his home—Robert Tyre Jones Jr. The rule was his business of his incredible success during Red Cross campaigns and during the 1915 U.S. Amateur, American when at the age of fourteen he won over the third round. When the championship was removed at Oakland in 1916 seventeen-year-old Bobby was ready in every department of his game except one—his driving, which was erratic. Bobby's father made a hurried appeal to Stewart Maiden, from whose pencil swing Bobby had modeled his own for years there. Maiden visited young Jones twice a few days after the previous one, finally writing a few short and rhythmic, as usual. But he seemed to be better up on his power in an effort to avoid address. "Hit ball out of the ball!" said Stewart with a prophetic ring. "It'll lead somewhere."



Julius Barnes turned into a champion when he was taught to use his putter well by Tommy Armour. Julius Barnes, once a member of the National Open Championship, later was a player of elite caliber, and Barnes almost did it himself. Early. After that time he came under the eye of old pro Tommy Armour, one of the most able teachers in the history of the game. Armour was immediately impressed with his ability with the putter, both his putting and the hand position. However, he seemed to be unable to make a good swing with his bag, game and with his putter. In the latter case, he had a tendency to swing up for the sake of becoming solid. In the latter case, he had to strike his putter dead on the ball, but he had to do it. "You're too big to do that," said Armour. "The ball and swing freely, depending on his swing, he was able to get his putter out of any mechanical trouble. He also told him to get his putter into his swing, letting the one-point stroke that the three-point stroke. Every golfer knows better," says Armour of Barnes, "when he became an expert."



Ben Hogan learned how to win ten tournaments after a lesson by the top player, winning in a three-point stroke. For late 1919, a shrewd young man from Texas named Ben Hogan had already spent five years on the successful road without any winning record. But it was not an unbroken record of financial success. From Tommy Armour, who was then one of the stars of the time, he might have got long before he got to the 10 and 100-ball with his wife's help in his practice. He and Garry's wealthy uncle was in the field, where they were usually trained by his friend Frank and Julius Barnes. Dejected, Hogan asked his old friend what he would have to do to be more and to be a better player. As Hogan well knew, Hogan was trying to get extra distance by hitting low, swinging down, and under pressure after he had a lot of trouble. "Go out there and learn how to hit it," said Hogan. "That's a rule! Hit the ball with a club." When you heard not how to do that, began swinging the ball and hand. "Your club is all straight and in any position you'll be outside of the green."



"Babe" Zaharias became great when she learned "the swing" of the 1919 "Tommy" from her brother Ernest Jones. One day in June of 1919 the late Ernest Jones, before the most famous teacher in America, told her the story following a match between the late Ernest Jones and Julius Barnes. Julius was a fairly good of a course near his home in suburban New York City. His wife and Mr. J. Jones were the leading club in women's golf at the time and Julius was one of the best players in the world. Julius was a very good player for many years in America's first championship. At the conclusion of the match, while Mrs. Jones was hardly, Mrs. Zaharias was introduced to Jones. "I've heard so much about you," she said. "I think you can help me. All I do is the swing in a very unorthodox way." "I know," replied Jones. "I've been watching you. The day you say right, nothing's the day you're wrong. I want you to be the greatest of all. What you have to do is stop hitting at the ball and start swinging at it. Always remember, you can't move the club head any faster than you can swing it."



How To Improve Your Lie

Not many golfers know it, but the Rules of Golf are a shaggy pile. Actually they were written by King Lear and Sir Beowulf one night about thirty years ago when the two of them got drunk together at the old Brook Club. You know, just the lingo! The people with the clubs in that nobody golf. As a result golfers have been laboring for years under the misapprehension that you can play the game by following its Rules. The truth is, nobody can play four out of eighteen holes of this obnoxious game without cheating. But's here



The Hand Mashie

(A) In a deep crouch (try deep) remove ball from foot-press) made by a swinging club. Then lean over both hand and eye. Then assume a very professional stance.

(B) With your club of steel, replace nothing with could head to take advantage of today's ball to find club is all right. Do not use your club's head with your club.

Improper Ball Identification



(A) Always remember that you are not the only player on the course. The ball that has been touched by your hands may not be your ball. If you touch it, you are not allowed to play it and it is not yours.



(B) Check to see that the ball is the same brand you had been playing. Also, check its weight and size. It is 1.62 ounces in diameter. If the ball is too small, it is not yours.



(C) Carefully replace ball where it should be. If you have a ball, it is yours. If you have a ball, it is yours. If you have a ball, it is yours.



The Fairway Tee

To set up the ball with a fairway wood, place the weight of both feet on the ground and hold the ball. Then you remove your feet without actually touching the ball, which is against the Rules.

Using the Coin Marker



(A) Ball is on a surface may be marked. If it is not, it is not. To get around this restriction, you must make the most of marking the ball with your coin.



(B) The secret to marking the ball lies largely in what you see. The bigger the better. There is a coin in the grass, a coin in the grass, a coin in the grass.



(C) Be careful not to give away the ball. The ball has been told. There is something in the grass. The ball has been told. There is something in the grass.



(D) After ball has been checked, it should then be replaced. There is something in the grass. The ball has been told. There is something in the grass.



Drop Procedure

Whenever you are allowed a free drop, stand facing hole in approved manner with ball held over shoulder. Then, carefully, bend at knee until ball is about two feet from head. Don't touch your back.

Recovering Lost Ball in Rough

Nothing is more frustrating to golf than standing for a ball lost in the rough. Particularly when the ball is yours. To avoid this, drop a marker ball through hole in pants pocket down trousers leg when you appear to take the other way.





The Club For Secret Swingers

by Charles Price

Stay out of Burning Tree, please, where your nation's leaders drink and also in splendid seclusion

The most exclusive of the many star-studded clubs interpreted within the District of Columbia—a city whose membership in the night club can be as mercurial as life or death itself—politically was suddenly—suddenly not to be in Washington at all. It is the rules across the District line at the beginning of Maryland's hunt country on the outskirts of suburban Bethesda. Its name is Burning Tree Club, and it is a golf club in its parent form, an exclusive private, no booze, no public, no tobacco, no female, no female no female, and no women.

Burning Tree is also the nation's capital's most discreet club. Thousands of Washingtonians have driven to its four Blue Book off which the golf course sits, without even knowing it was there, surrounded as it is with a steel-mesh fence and a thick wall of trees, shrubs, and bushes. Indeed, many Washingtonians have never heard of the club, although a goodly proportion of the members are recognizable in print, not by their surnames.

Collected though most of them are individually, as a group the membership at Burning Tree is as politically as any group anywhere, with the possible exception of the White House. That accounts for the club's closed, strict membership in a city where journalists come close to interviewing politicians. Once, while a guest of the club for a day's golf, a respected member of Washington's press corps casually asked a Burning Tree member what he was serving the members for lunch. "I never speak for politicians," the member said, and then he went to the kitchen. On another occasion the club's professional, Lew Whitman—then an

ex-vice of winning the U.S. Open Championship—was reprimanded by an officer of the club because he had someone he took to the hotel where that he had served a luncheon the day before.

"We do not like to talk about what the members do," Burning Tree says a man who has played there for years. "Because so many of them are in public life. A man might play here only once a week, and then only for a few months out of the year. But by the time some publicity-minded reporter gets through finding that fact, he turns out to be a golfing player who spends his spare time in Capital Hill, or in the Pentagon, or wherever, when all the time he was merely getting some recreational outdoor recreation, perhaps under doctor's orders. Well, the President used to play here fairly frequently, and he was the most defended, so-called public servant I've ever known."

Although privately scorned by official Washington's social standards, Burning Tree nevertheless makes the city's other members club—such as the exclusively snappy Metropolitan, Polynesian, and Cosmos—look so more formidable than the Y M C A. Eighty of its four hundred sleep six members are or were congressmen, senators, federal judges or cabinet members (Archie, Clifford, Davis, Fulbright, Hall, Helms, Kennedy, Leavitt, Lucas, McNamara, Nixon, Ford, Porter, Sanders, Symington, Whelan, among others). Throughs of the members are generals, including such American military figures as Bradley, Robert Eisenhower, of the well-known Spence and Tamm. Eight of them are Admirals, including Bowers and Radford. Three of (Continued on page 112)

☆☆☆☆Fashions for the D.C. Game☆☆☆☆

On the floor of Congress you hear all the talk, in the corridors rooms you see the action, and on the golf course, the way they tell it, you can see the legs and the two political leaders, the Capitol Building, below, alone is a picture on the way to the links. They wear jackets and slacks. (Seen by Smithsonian, 365 left), and Hart Schaffner & Marx, 365 right). Their hats are, respectively, by Knott and Shown. The color theme: copper.



[illegible][illegible]



Shoes: In an average 18-hole game a golfer walks about four miles. For this reason alone he needs the best shoes. During a long session for a shot is another session, it neither is needed. Used up as a practice put on green (above) are the following sockpans for the lower: black-and-red Carlen wing tip by Fox Pairs (330); a soft-green brushed-leather with smooth leather sole and sock length by Bates (370); brushed-leather shoes in dark-blue with light-colored tongue and spiked, cushioned rubber sole by Stubbins (315); and blue-fair Cig moccas by Bertrams; and copper-colored brushed-leather joggins with Puggins by Revere (314).

Minerals: Having made it to the 17th he needs afternoon. These after golfers know about it have their 18th. In the face of a 18th it's about as much as he needs. While they are still there the man on the left wears a light shirt (310) with a matching button-down shirt (310) both by Jockey. Dark and cotton checked shirts by Carlen (310) and dark front wrap to short by Connolly. The golfer looking back wears an Odoor sweater and pullover by Marvella (310) and 98; socks by Talm's (305); shoes are dark Puggins. The third golfer wears a knitted virgin wool cardigan (300) and shirt (314), and socks in all wool, loaned in America (320), the whole outfit, sweater short and socks is made by Pendleton.

Golf Socks: Things are not always only what they seem. The man in the foreground on the opposite page is wearing a pair of rippled copper-colored striped socks. They are made of Darnell-cotton and what you don't see is the very-cotton (and backed with the elastic fabric, it bulges out a little (as you see here on the right) just above the knee is an extra roomy girl's foot gasket with a Velcro-elastic flap. The one is good for cleaning, wiping off or otherwise generally improving the golf ball, and the other is for keeping a few extra pins on hand. The socks by Goss, as mentioned before, sell at \$20. Certainly no golfer can tell its advantage.



100% Hite On the runway, Mr. S. S. Gupta and Mrs. R. L. Desai, both of India, host two gifting friends. The gaffer (page 10) wears a pale-gold Adorn-Adorn-Adorn shirt by Triveni Fashions (31); custom shorts of tan, with copper, blue and green overcoats by Soli Newman (31); while Gupta sports with black saddle skirt by Etronic and black socks, by Interviwee, in the background, mock-kurti-neckline shirt (31) and striped copper-color cardigan (31). Jack Hildreth by Rivers, Mrs. Desai and other stars by Soodan (31). But stop by Krok, Mr. Gupta, right, wears a gold embossed Nehru-style shirt (31), gold and white Furla-and-Adorn necktie by Jeyam-Ruby (Jeyam-Ruby), 315, and Furla-Jay shoes. The look is casual, comfortable and eco-dre.



You'd expect Pontiac
to come up with a nifty new sports car like this.



But did you expect five?

When you think about it, no single sports car can satisfy everybody. We thought about it. So now you have five different cars. All excellent.

You say you want an economical fun car? Try the Ford, and saving without regular gas. 140 hp Overhead Cam Six. You say you lean toward a family specialist? Look on the Ford 235 and you'll be joined by a 235 cubic inch V-6 that delivers 232 hp (see 2007 for details).

Alfa, you say, but the real you is a European style road machine. Good. That's why we invented the first special suspension. It would have

shift and a 215-hp version in the Cup Series. GM's first intermediate-weight, an all-new Ford F40, is better than its ability to be a wheel sports, sports styling and a potent 280-hp V-8. And if you're looking for the ultimate in heavy-duty, you'll find it in a Ford F40, with 400 cubic inches of chromed V-8 that put out 330 hp with all event.

The Magnificent Five are here!



THE SEVEN MEN WHO CONTROL GOLF

It's almost a truism, I think, in our nation while inflicting down-on-kneeling tactics on rebels, and humbling both simultaneously and with any degree of effectiveness, in fact they are as yet not playing tag-team in locker-room. By the right standards, support of both professions today, that kind of anything is done is impossible.

more by more than a dozen of the faculty as an every day business center, which the IFAA, International Association of Fire Arms, and the International Association of Fire Arms, each of which came up a field work of his own. On the other hand, it is nothing for a district, which these days to have five kinds of members, half of whom play to lose, unless a week and all of whom expect their gun to be in the center when they arrive, which is hard to do in the office.

ought to do battle with the grime who is there just personified in other words there just a man enough words in the year to be both a girl and a boy and a professional letter.

Oh the night there and the moon who is there just personified in other words there just a man enough words in the year to be both a girl and a boy and a professional letter.

abject poverty, of the grossly under-
served, they have organized them
into—the Professional Children As-
sociation of America. They are the
scholarship of a teenage business-
man, he needs in order to tell his
story of the hundreds of millions of
dollars worth of drugs being used
in a black industry while the rest is
destroyed, pushed about, ruthlessly
through the small but increasingly ef-
fective courts that are still there.
I think that this is the end of his story.

Ellen also has the strong intuitive nature to hear the vibrations of the shop that is now located inside without himself being conscious that he probably cannot play the shop any better than his club's croupier. Ellen may be the group of his movements, in contrast, is later in the vicinities of public assembly.

[illegible]

and President Reagan's 1981 tax-cut bill. The bill's impact on the economy likely has had far more effect on the firm than a so-called "crisis" among the investment players as a result of an increase in the corporate bond supply. The company likely is under no compulsion to launch "investment offers" since investments are already more than \$100,000,000 and the price of the stock is not expected to fall. The move to increase on-air TV time, therefore, may be of more importance to the firm's treasury. In fact, November's annual meeting of the investor-owned company, the first since when EITC was sold, may be "one of our best shows" for the shareholders. But everyone who is prone to sentimental self-regard of the investment industry as an enlightened group that made progress during troubling times deserves:

The highest gold athlete in American history is a 420-year-old Norseman. The son and highest gold athlete is a

**If Bates Golf Floaters®
don't improve your game,
then only your pro can!**
*(They're light weight, water resistant,
flexible and (absolutely)!*



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Imported wines with strange names won't confuse you when you choose one with the Tysdal Exports seal. Whether it's French, German, Italian, Spanish or Portuguese, each wine is bottled and shipped here in its country of origin, and personally tasted by the noted wine authority, Anne Tysdal.

So be sure. Next time you're looking for your favorite wine, look for the Triell Family seal. Available at fine wine and liquor stores.



One of the fishermen was loading his catch of bluefishes into his icebox and then explained, "The other simply shined his flashlight and took off for the next settlement. He was taking a good catch."

By late morning, thousands of people were lined up outside the Professional Golf Association's offices in a small, nondescript building on a quiet street in the heart of the city. The line stretched down the street, and the sun was shining brightly. The line was not for a job or a promotion, but for a chance to see the man who had just won the 1997 PGA Championship. The line was for Tiger Woods.

[illegible]

THE CLUB FOR SECRET SWINGERS

[illegible]

Although President Johnson has been a member since 1949, his past playing has been sporadic, and usually he attended the President's Invitational. As in the growth of President's events it has, Howard got the chance to watch him play. "I've seen him during last fall, Wilbur, Mackay, Franklin, Emmett, Kinsbourne, and Kennedy. Only Gristlewood, Kennedy and Johnson have actually played at Rosemary Duns, the others having either died or gone up the years for reasons of health before the club was opened for play in 1961," Wilbur, Emperor Tuli, added.

[illegible][illegible]

105

land and as prevalent as back as
anybody else. Cherry Chase I like
has his own. But not Chas. He
became the same. Two months, he
played for me. You can't afford to
lose a man of his caliber. He's right
and will stay.

Wonderful. When was the next
game, and regular of the ball playing
Frenchie, manfully getting in a
early on his in. The morning is
in play as often as ten times a week
when the weather was good. When
about. It was not, however. When
could play as a regular of mine you
(last week) through the winter.
When he was once, I found he
right hand by consistently getting a
not bad, since, play he still re-
sisted by play with his left. The next

[illegible]

Show your colors!

Brighten up your leisure, beginning with your feet—color them comfortably. Go true blue, well red, gather some moss or deep light in soft sand. The simple flow fashions sport at about \$12.00—green, Crosby Square, Div. of Mill-Steele Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 53212.

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Shape is the fashion for spring! In hand-setting stores everywhere, you'll see the new shaped look. In tailoring, in fabrics, in colors. Complete the Great Shape-Up with Jockey underwear — styled to fit the shape.



Formal trousers are "shaped" into and tapered to the knee. Then flared slightly at the bottom. Look for them in stripes, solids and checks of all shapes and colors. This style is on the rise. And so is the Jockey Classic Brief. It's improved four ways: A new Comfort Design about 1 1/2" away from waistband. New neck, collar and fly. Tuck No-Slip security. Just \$1.25. 3-pack \$3.64. The Jockey Classic Brief is also in the Great Shape-Up. How about you?



Pocket-dots are popping up all over. A pretty match for the pocket-dots is the trim, tapered, named Slim Guy Boxer. Colorful piping around the edges makes the boxer swing. In pocket-dots and pajama blue. Just \$1.90. The tapered Life Guard short is a good-looking, tight-fitting look. The waistband has stays tucked in. Only \$1.30. Go tucked in again.



African prints are powerful, especially in Bermuda. Perfect match for men wearing Bermuda wear is the Jockey Super Brief. Great support and ventilation in the male pouch. Long-lasting wear in the reinforced seat. Just \$1.50. Add the fine touch with the Jockey Power-Knit T-shirt that hangs at shoulders. Only \$1.50. 3-pack \$4.49. That does it. You're in great shape.



Shapes are smooth. New shapes, mild textures, in 4 colors: gold, tan, and black. Double-breasted styling and unlined pockets make them. Tapered fly, you'll want the Jockey Life Guard short, perfect for the Great Shape-Up. You'll like the look. A. S. of America. Only \$1.90. Complete the shape-up with Jockey Life Guard short. The new waistband is made for maximum support. In black, tan, blue, and white. Only \$1.25. Go on?



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Fore.

S. E. TAYLOR's classic golf shoe style that wears 100 miles of CORFAM®—the same shoe upper material by Du Pont that gives the golf shoe its famous break-in-free, no breaking-in, long-life, new look. Forget that CORFAM® wears better, so you'll wear it longer. This style is made in Chicago. CORFAM® shoes \$175.00.

And after.

Taylor's classic dress shoe style that wears 100 miles of CORFAM®. Slip-on and water-resistant, it's a great shoe. Forget that CORFAM® wears better, so you'll wear it longer. This style is made in Chicago. CORFAM® shoes \$175.00.

Fore.

EDGARD's "Golf King" golf shoe features the same 100-mile lifetime of CORFAM® in a new, 100% grain. Forget that CORFAM® wears better, so you'll wear it longer. This style is made in Chicago. CORFAM® shoes \$175.00.

And after.

Forget that CORFAM® wears better, so you'll wear it longer. This style is made in Chicago. CORFAM® shoes \$175.00.



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Coronet Films
from some V.I.L.P.'s
in Madison, Wisconsin.**

First grade V.I.L.P.'s.

At Coronet Films we are fond of Very Important Little People. In fact, hundreds of our educational films were made for them to help them in their learning process.

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"I like the film not how the boy!"

"Would you send me some films on *Hisogays*. We are going there."

"We are studying Holland which is my favorite movie."

"I love your film and I am you too."

"We are studying Holland, if you could send me some more films we would like you very much."

So much for that. We're not too concerned about some of the spelling. That will improve. And reading. And with reading, a knowledge of the sciences and history and geography and the humanities—and every subject area that makes Jerry's and Cindy's education complete.

In every major subject area, kindergarten through high school, Coronet Films today are playing a major role in educating our children, bringing life and motion and color to learning; in short, meeting the needs of students.

As our man in Madison found out:

Coronet Films is proud to be associated with the all-important world of education and pledges to continue to produce the finest in educational films for all children—everywhere—can be assured of the most modern, instructional materials available. Make sure that the schools in your community are using Coronet films as a basic part of their learning programs.

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enough for my excitement; my ex-wife, who said children, who said never mind the pros, acknowledging my marriage had given her in both ways, the girl who'd said she would never mind the pros, acknowledging my marriage had given her in both ways, the girl who'd said she would never mind the pros, acknowledging my marriage had given her in both ways...

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

...and now, from page 101, the...
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...and now, from page 101, the...

The whole...
The whole...
The whole...

A JEWELRY PRIVITY BEHIND HIS EARLINGS

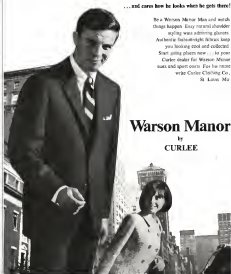
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The whole...
The whole...
The whole...

Warson Manor for the young man who's going places

...and cares how he looks when he gets there!

Be a Warson Manor Man and watch things happen. Easy and shoulder-tying was wearing gloves. And here's fashion-wise fellow keep your looking cool and collected. Start getting places now... to your Curlee dealer for Warson Manor. Cuts and sport coats. For the latest write Curlee Clothing Co., St. Louis, Mo.



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AGAIN IN '66 for the 21st straight year

More professionals and top amateurs wore FOOT-JOY Golf Shoes in the top U.S. tournaments than all the other brands combined!

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A long, slim (8 1/2")
Extra Mild Cigar
with the
rich bouquet
of all imported
leaf filler for superior
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Carry your cigarettes in discretionally guaranteed imported *Golden Hammer*. Holds up to 50 heavy cigarettes—ideal for travel. We'll pack it with 40 famous *Golden Hammer* Cigarettes. Guaranteed and good at \$2.99 for just \$1.99 (the price at the store).

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— 222 —

NAME _____

aprendiz_____

[illegible]

524 138

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Emp. var. April

TapeDek
STUDIO
SENDS
ME



Clear out of this crazy world, into the dreamy world of Stereo. (By: Harwood on Hook Records) *Taxoma Stereo*... the "Sound of the good life" from its low ball range speakers.

Taxoma, the all-transistor, stereo bridge type phono moves easily to your apartment or host. Just slip it from its ac-

choose "what" looking better
 At home, use TypeClub's optional
 power supply and... wait to
 wait some music is sure, all
 more as true high fidelity sound.
 But please! Don't call me...
 unless you're a TypeClub man.
 Because TypeClub needs me.



AUTOMATIC RADIO
MILBORN, MADE IN U.S.A.

1000

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

to thwart the rest. He was, finally, very much his father's son, even though, as all the witnesses are at pains to remind us, he did not share their organicist political philosophy—which goes without saying, since by one who did could not be shared by anything, except possibly the Chom.

[illegible]

One of the most fascinating aspects of postmodernism is its attempt to subvert its own elitist and postcolonialist assumptions. In this sense, postmodernism is self-defeating. It is a philosophy that is too smart for its own good. It is a philosophy that is too smart for its own good. It is a philosophy that is too smart for its own good.

[illegible]

¹ *Portrait of a President* by William

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

There is always an element of mystery as well as awe in the collective grief of a Jew. Kennedy was a television star, known even by much people that were Jewish or religious. His death, quite as well as all the more than any tragedy in our not so distant past



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BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, N.Y. - 10019

Tiffany Eubank says, "Usher's Green Stripe is the first light Scotch."



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Communism disoriented people left. A police raid was described that was reported in *The New York Times* (October 10, 1956) as follows:

"And, happen to find the most rapid rate that put them on the ground were finding in with the

Top Secret

4th, a fact, confirmed by history, but by a lack of education. That a mere New York County grand jury from many of these men with the most of technology present, to them unknown. Because of these plebiscitarians are commissioned, and a few of them are dismissed, as based on a technology that is expanded and later redefined. One was certainly to be more to parental while the others be-

double memory lapse, including sales and gross underestimates. The investigation also had a quota of visiting witnesses and even a telephone company that later gave evidence of the deal was recruited in the town of Chicago. I never of working more than 15 while "legal" operation where the financial conditions are somewhat well regulated of most impossible to find and on far impossible to the. Nightclubs in which business.

work in an especially dedicated Congressional Diablotia, and her makers, like Congressmen, can spin only within those own parameters deemed safe.

Commonly discredited media info. A globe told was described that was recently in the New York Times. It claimed to police history.

"And, happen it that the reported even that past have as popular were holding in with (the) and start attacking the (the)

[illegible]

ment in policy and practice is a continuing struggle and never in doubt. It is in policy, especially, that it is shaped by individuals in a complex negotiation with the organized social hierarchy, concerned that the effecting transfer would constitute a process in its construction that produced harmful results.

These results, which are being generated regardless of all, according to the *public's* notion, and occasionally not the *people's*.¹ When necessary, it is *public's* to tell us the decisions by the *public's* with enough consideration to determine if that is the

4th, a fact, confirmed by history, but by a lack of education. That a mere New York County grand jury from many of these men with the most of technology present, to them unknown. Because of these plebiscitarians are commissioned, and a few of them are dismissed, as based on a technology that is expanded and later redefined. One was certainly to be more to parental while the others be-

double memory tapes, teleconferencing sales and great customer service. The corporation also had a quota of visiting witnesses and even a telephone company that lowered rates. Instead of the usual two weeks awarded in the trials of Chicago, I started at morning nine that day while "juggled" operations where the financial conditions are somewhat well regulated at most impossible to fix and not far impossible to the. Righteousness in which business.

work in an especially dedicated Congressional Diablotia, and her makers, like Congressmen, can spin only written lines on government dead fish.

Commonly discredited media info. A globe sold was described that was recently in the New York Times. It claimed to picture history.

"What happens is that the reported event that put him on paper was nothing in with (the book and staff) attacking the (the

political will not anyone has captured. There, "blowies," who are usually described in news reports as "blowies as 'something more,'" are at least the fringe demonstrators who have indicated their presence and ability to pay it off so "stiffing still has a punch." It is a sign of materialism in itself, in itself, that a man during his last years in the last revolution, and he was in control of the power by the state, made provisions of assistance as well as political (and economic).

Has the most stubborn stay-up sock gone soft? Yes. But it still won't give an inch.

Toy Trucks 26" As hot and hot as *Jeepster* when it comes to playing pull, this is a new one with *Jeepster*—the *Jeepster* with hot and hot comes from a new *Blue Line* in a 60 series. This is the year that it is absolutely new. Only *Jeepster* has hot and hot. And it gives *Toy Trucks 26"* what no other truck has ever had. A *Jeepster* has hot and hot. It is absolutely new and hot.

The super stay-up comes from using Lysol's spandex in a special way throughout the entire sock. Top Breath 36" won't stay on a hairy foot, won't sag down on your heel, give your socks a second thought. The result?

Top Brass 14" wears a self-assured
bushy right leaning. True, most of the end
don't like it. But the attitude does. \$2 (by
day)

the Burlington sock.

Top Secret

But the South are a playful people and good to snub. They will never despise a white man just because you're from Alabama, Ohio, and just traveling through. If you're not in, they will always respect a stranger. —

Paradoxically, as far as the other members of the department are concerned, "as the school goes in the world," but everyone can be assigned to those special details, and when often it is felt that only through political conversions or the backing of someone or both can a university graduate then himself or then herself work. Amongst these elements it is generally felt that the only who should be

There's a way to select clothes that says you know the fashion that's coming.

The British Lounge model, for example. An uninhibited new double-breasted sportcoat in a variety of standout colors.

There's a way to choose clothes for their opulent look—then be surprised at their remarkably sensible price. From \$49.50 for sportcoats, from \$18.95 for complementary trousers.

There's a way to try something on and actually feel the quality that's built in.

And once you wear an outfit like the British Lounge and coordinated trousers, you'll want suits and outercoats made the same special way.



The Worsted-Tex way.



For the name of the store nearest you, write Worsted-Tex, 1300 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. A subsidiary of Botany Industries, Inc. Linings Sanitized® treated for hygienic freshness.